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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1906.

A World Power, Sure Enough.

"Cherchez la femme" was evolved as a rule of conduct out of the civilization of France, when that civilization was in its worst stage. In our affairs it has been only justly invoked. But it would appear that things are changing. We are becoming a "world power." We have been plunged headlong into the maelstrom of "world politics." That is, these things have happened. For as to believe the stories that pretend to account for the sudden and mysterious recall of Sir Henry Mortimer Durand from his post in Washington as Ambassador of his imperial majesty, Edward VII, King of England, Scotland and Wales, Emperor of India, Defender of the Faith, etc.

The Jenkinses on both sides of the Atlantic have been very busy for the past week or two over this affair. Their excitement has been equalled only by their energy. They have "cherchez," and have located the "femme," or rather several of them. Sir Henry and his estimable consort were persona non grata to the leaders of the Washington society. Therefore, it was impossible for Sir Henry to render to his imperial master that service at this Capital which, now that we are becoming a world power, is demanded of the representative of the person of the royal sovereign. We learn all this from the Jenkinses, and we are not of that ilk who doubt that the Jenkinses know all about such transcendently important matters. We learn, further, from them that a "femme" is to be found in the person of the daughter of a belted British earl, another who is the wife of an American millionaire, and another who is the daughter of an American citizen of commanding influence, conspired to bring humiliation upon the Durands, because in England the Durands "were plain, very plain, people, indeed," and hence were unable to associate with the "Jeune dame of Washington."

"Tis a thrilling story, and its recital is calculated to make us all jump. We refrain from publishing its full details, for fear they would distress too much our readers, who are representative American citizens, living comfortably in the mellow glow of American domesticity, and not in the full effulgence of that glare of "Washington society" which is reflected from an elevation so high that its lustre is shed only upon the appointed of the courts of Europe.

We wish Sir Mortimer and his family bon voyage back to England. We part with them with regret. Until informed by the Jenkinses that the Durands were never able to penetrate to the inner circle of "Washington society," we thought Sir Mortimer was a first-rate diplomatist, and that he was looking after the interests of his government at this Capital satisfactorily. His experience should be a lesson to his successor, James Bryce, who comes without a shining title illuminating his name, but simply with the fame of an earnest, painstaking student of our institutions as they existed before we became a world power. We warn Mr. Bryce in advance of his landing on our shores that he must come armed with proper letters of introduction to the leaders of "Washington society," or else he will find that an exceedingly hard task has been assigned him by Edward VII. Come to think of it, however, we doubt not that the King first ascertained that Mr. Bryce would be acceptable to "society" before he commanded him to take the post of Ambassador at this Capital. We trust so, at any rate; for we do not want to go through so nerve-racking an experience again as has been caused by this Durand affair.

Solomon said there was nothing new under the sun. Solomon was a wise man. Nevertheless, a Rough Rider refused an office the other day.

Revision of the Land Laws.

President Roosevelt has strongly re-enforced Secretary Hitchcock's recommendation for the repeal of certain land laws which have made possible the extensive frauds perpetrated by the Interior Department. His special message on this subject is one of the most important of those lately sent to Congress, in that it urges an entirely new policy with respect to public lands overlying rich mineral deposits.

The President points out that the present land laws are directly promotive of fraud. The timber-land act, he says, operates to turn over the public timber lands to great corporations. The present coal-land law places a premium on fraud by making it impossible to develop certain classes of coal lands without violating the law. "It is a scandal," the President asserts, "to maintain laws which sound well but which make fraud the key without which great natural resources must remain closed. The law should give individuals and corporations, under proper government regulation and control, the right to work bodies of coal land large enough for profitable development. My own belief is that there should be provision for leasing coal, oil, and gas rights under proper restrictions." In addition to the exploitation of these natural resources for the benefit of all the people, the President urges that the timber resources of the national domain be developed and made a source of revenue, for which purpose he asks that \$5,000,000 be advanced to the Forest Service, to be repaid in ten years.

Here is a comprehensive land policy, sound in principle, plainly in the public interest, and entirely in line with public sentiment, favoring the limitation of corporate greed. We hope it is not too much to expect that Congress will give a passing thought to the President's suggestions respecting the utilization of the public domain for the production of national revenue. He is, perhaps, ahead of Congressional opinion in this particular matter, but the necessity is pressing for the revision he so cogently recommends. Corporations are rapidly grabbing up valuable properties, and the complaints from some parts of the West of lack of coal indicate that they are exploiting these properties in a most selfish and short-sighted way. Why not prevent the building up of huge fortunes based on government favoritism, instead of trying to limit them by taxation after they have been made?

Who knows but Senator Foraker may succeed in establishing a sort of rival Ananias Club?

Christmas.

It is worth while, in the midst of our hurly-burly rush and worry, to celebrate Christmas. It is a festival which stimulates every kindly and generous sentiment, which smooths the rough edges of asperity, and which brings us closer to a realization of universal kinship. During Christmas time, more than at any other season, the brotherhood of man seems genuine and real. It is this spirit of fraternity, awakened by appreciation of the great good which Christ accomplished by His coming, which brings happiness and cheer to the homes of the unfortunate. It is the time when the poor are especially remembered.

We may accord to Christmas the full measure of its religious significance, and yet, after all, we fail to recognize its full value if we do not regard it as an opportunity for doing good to our fellow-man. Herein only is the complete manifestation of the Christmas spirit. If the festival did nothing else, therefore, than keep alive the generous instincts of our nature, we could not afford to let it pass unnoticed. The human race needs Christmas to tenderly preserve the sentiments of sympathy and consideration which might so easily become callous. The selfish struggle for existence imposed upon us nowadays stifles our souls. The warm, inspiring touch of Christmas revivifies our dormant higher ideals, and the world becomes brighter and better therefore.

Welcome, then, the festival of Christmas. It is like an oasis in the desert, where we can forget the toilsomeness of daily life, and thank God for all His bounty and good cheer.

Our Street Car System—Transfers.

Representative Madden, if correctly quoted by an evening contemporary, a few days ago, greatly weakened his position as advocate of the universal transfer—a meritorious proposition—by his almost violent attack upon the street railway system of Washington as a whole. His arraignment was overdrawn and unfair. A Washingtonian has to visit Mr. Madden's own city, Chicago, to find how much there is to be thankful for here. Where we have one real basis of complaint, his people have a hundred. Of all the abominable systems on the known earth, Chicago's, probably, is the worst. His city is on the verge of a riot half the time on account of its miserable street railway facilities.

St. Louis, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York, and other cities are more fortunate than Chicago. In fact, we have had the best of the system superior to that of Washington. Here there are no dangerous overhead wires and no unsightly trolley-poles; here the cars, if often overcrowded, and sometimes ill-behaved and ill-ventilated, are, at any rate, usually clean; and here the conductors, as a rule, are patient and polite. Here, too, we get six tickets for a quarter, whereas the people of most other cities, including Mr. Madden's, pay the 5-cent straight fare.

Thanks to the managerial and executive genius of George T. Dunlop, we have in the Capital Traction Lines admittedly the best-conducted, if not yet absolutely perfect, system in the whole country—a system that serves as a model for street railway men. The other system is operated less smoothly and satisfactorily, but, in the main, is a credit to the city. There is just cause for complaint now in the uncertainty and irregularity of its schedules and the inadequate accommodations furnished during the crowded hours. The service is one of the best in the country. It is certainly bad. But all this does not justify Mr. Madden's wholesale arraignment and denunciation of the Washington system in its entirety.

An extension of the transfer system, as we have said, is a meritorious proposition. The widespread interest already manifested shows that the people feel the need of it. We shall be surprised if the street railway companies themselves interpose any vigorous opposition to it. On the contrary, we expect them readily to acquiesce in any plan to that end that can be developed upon an equitable basis. It would assuredly tend in time to add to the sum total of their business. But while the universal transfer system is being adjusted, let us be fair and reasonable in our view of existing conditions. Because there happen to be some shortcomings which fret and annoy us, occasionally resulting in a cold dispute or in going up to the theater after the fashion of the "let us not quarrel" after Mr. Madden's impetuous conclusion that, in the matter of street car service, we are the most shamefully abused people on the face of the globe. We are not.

There is really no reason why we cannot be fair toward the companies while we are adjusting the transfer problem, securing better schedules, and improving the service on suburban lines.

Archaeologists have discovered a vehicle that antedates the flood. There are four such vehicles in Washington, known as heretics.

"Office Upstairs."

James Ball Naylor put a very pretty little story into verse in the current issue of the National Magazine, and he heads it "Dr. John Goodfellow—Office Upstairs." The poem is said to be founded upon an actual character—one of the kind that nearly every community knows and loves, in a careless, tolerant kind of way.

The doctor was one of those hearty, broad-minded old fellows upon whom pretty nearly everybody imposed, and who rarely ever saw a fee. He befriended every one, especially the poor and the lowly, and also found time to look after the physical well-being of the town's collection of easy-going deadbeats. He never made anything in the way of money out of his "practice," and when he died his old, bony horse and meager outfit had to be sold, for his few debts, but he left a legacy of patients there were a few who remembered, with genuine love, his many kindnesses, and these few determined to mark his grave with some sort

of evidence of that love. They fashioned a rude cross and placed it at the head of his final earthly abode, and, thinking of the battered sign that had swung to and fro in the winds of many years, they went to his familiar old office and, taking it down, placed it at the head of his grave, along with the cross. On the rusty tin were the words, "Dr. John Goodfellow—Office Upstairs."

The story must be true, as is claimed. There are many of these Goodfellows in the world. Let no pessimist lead you to believe otherwise. You read in the papers of the big grafters and rogues and scoundrels generally, and you don't read much of the Goodfellows, but they are here—all around you. There are more Goodfellows in this world than there are Rockyfells—only they do not have so much trouble with the grand juries and they are not employing high-priced lawyers to keep them out of jail while they practice their frenzied game and plunder ordinary folks. The Goodfellow's life is a simple story of kindness, charity, and brotherly love. What few scraps and fragments of reputation he leaves to his friends and acquaintances are all pleasant to contemplate.

When the Goodfellows of this world die, they are all promoted to an office "Upstairs." They deserve to be. It takes a lot of faith, hope, and charity to make the world go round—and the Goodfellows furnish it in abundance.

Now it is whispered that Mr. Roosevelt will go on a tour of the world immediately after retiring from the Presidency. Thus goes glimmering the last of Mr. Bryan's bright ideas.

A Lucky Escape.

We are pleased to have the assurance of Rear Admiral Sands, Superintendent of the Naval Academy, that none of the midshipmen under his command had any part in the lynching at Annapolis the other day.

For in his recent message dealing with the Brownsville affair President Roosevelt said: "I should take instant advantage of any opportunity whereby I could bring to justice a mob of lynchers." An opportunity lost; but how fortunate for the midshipmen that they were not in any way implicated in this disgraceful affair!

France and Spain have expressed an urgent desire for the person of Raisulul. This would be all right with the Sultan of Morocco, if the powers indicated would only give up and do their own catching of the gentleman in question, and not bother his majesty about it.

The students of a prominent negro college have surrendered their razors to the faculty. This is like a Spartan surrendering his shield.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding, Roosevelt's hours will be more numerous than Roosevelt's messages.

Now that free passes have been done away with, Congress is showing a disposition to inquire into the government should pay about three times as much money for transporting the mails as the service is worth.

The President wants the evidence in the fuel cases rushed. Pretty good idea to rush the fuel also.

The esteemed Congressional Record displays queer taste when it rules out pictures of interesting canal sites and such odd-looking words as "thru," "theroy," and "loeki," and yet admits "aldoo," "butlin," and "23."

Mr. Rockefeller says: "It would be a sorry day for our country when our courts are not respected." That ballist who chased Mr. Rockefeller off over the face of the earth about a year or so ago, a subpoena, entertained the same idea.

R. G. Dun & Co. says the cost of living is greater this year than last. The trouble about trust busting is that the trusts do not seem to stay busted.

Aha! We thought Marie Corelli would pay the penalty for pitching into the ladies as she has been doing of late. A woman in a London paper refers to her as "the Corelli person."

The Denver (Utah) News calls attention to the fact that Caesar has established a new record. Caesar appears to have been the original "skidoo" man.

Desperately determined to make the ladies read his advice about shopping early, the editor of the Athens (Ga.) Call came out Friday with a double column editorial on the subject, printed in big black type, and headed "This Editorial for Men Only; Women Must Not Read It."

A lady writer finds that John D. Rockefeller is chiefly characterized by "generosity of soul." That settles it. Capt. Kidd was undoubtedly a Sunday school superintendent, and Jesse James the inventor of the Salvation Army.

There is one consoling thought; the parties responsible for the coal famine out West may reach a place some day where there is no such thing.

Tom Watson does not think it likely that he will be a Presidential candidate in 1908. But it will not seem like old times unless Tom is some kind of a candidate.

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

The Day of the Child.
The trinkets glitter jewel-wise,
And we would that our souls might know
The joy told in the children's eyes,
Such words were the words, "Dr. John Goodfellow—Office Upstairs!"
And every word the message bears:
This is the children's day—and, His!

Let us come, as the Wise Men came
These nineteen centuries ago,
Led by the Star's eternal flame
That had them then and hushen on.
They brought rare frankincense and myrror,
They brought rich gems and golden gold,
They knelt, adoring, near to Her,
And all their marveling they told.

Aye, as those Men of long ago,
To whom we owe the Star,
May see its mystic, heavenly glow
Flash o'er our Childhood fair and far;
And from our hands now fall the gifts
And we know why the Wise Men smiled
With gratefulness and each heart lifts
Its chant of worship of the Child.

THE DRUGGIST'S DAUGHTER.
She is the druggist's daughter,
And she is wondrous fair,
She stands beneath the mistletoe
A vision rapt and rare.
The young men crowd about her,
They elbow through the crush,
And underneath the mistletoe
They see her shyly blush.

She is the druggist's daughter,
A radiant belle is she,
Unconscious of the mistletoe,
With modesty becoming.
Her lovely head she dips
But there beneath the mistletoe
The swains all find her lips.

She is the druggist's daughter,
The Christmas guests have sped,
She now takes down the mistletoe
That hung above her head.
"It worked," she softly whispers,
"It worked," she softly whispers,
"It's imitation mistletoe!"
But it is just as good!

THE UNSEEN TRAGEDY.
Somewhere there is a little boy whose
eyes are full of tears and his
Because his empty stockings now are
swaying to and fro,
His wan-faced mother takes him up and
holds him close and tries
To coax the light of gladness once more
into his eyes.

Somewhere there is a little girl who wakes
with dismay
And sees no splendid dolly she had
dreamed of yesterday,
And bare the floor and bare the hearth,
And deep the little sigh
From the wee hearth that wonders why
good Santa passed her by.

Ah, no! The little children who grieve on
Christmas Day
Are not in huts and hovels a thousand
miles away.
They are so near they hear us, our
laughter and our song,
And all the joys we have to-day serve to
make great the wrong.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS"
Ho, God bless you—you who said
"Merry Christmas" when you sped
Past me in the crowded street.
Every syllable was sweet,
And I was glad to hear you say,
Sent a tingle to my heart!

Ho, God bless you—stranger man,
You who said it as you ran,
Waiting for the next day's
But, a stranger, hastened by,
Aye, God bless you, through and through—
Merry Christmas back to you!

WILBUR NESBIT.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

CHRISTMAS DAY.
'Tis here! The fateful day has come.
Some, jewels have received, and some,
Merely a toy
Of little cost. Yet who can say
What humble brings the most to-day
Of real joy?

The wondrous day has come at last,
And welcomed with a joyous blast
Is Christmas morn.
Where the home is grand and rich,
Or lowly as the place in which
The Christ was born.

The Christmas spirit, too, is rife.
Still is the truth and the strife,
And love holds sway.
Ah, if there ever comes a time
When man attains to the sublime,
This is the day!

For That Purpose.
'Tid like to kiss you 'neath the rose,"
said Reginald, "ye know."
And Grace exclaimed, with upturned
nose: "What are the mistletoe?"

"They're off."
"Now, John, we certainly mustn't quarrel
on Christmas day."
"Of course not, Maria. You just control
that temper of yours, and—"
"Me control my temper? Why, sir, I'd
have you know—"
And away they went.

Price: Two Bits.
And now the sport
Dofft feet like lightning bleating:
He gave to her
A handsome fur,
And got a Christmas "greeting."

No Reply.
"Dat's wot I git fer listenin' to a false
friend."
"What's the matter, Jimmie?"
"I wuz persuaded into tryin' dat sim-
plified spellin' on Sandy Claws."

Yuletide Maxims.
Give and let give.
A burnt Santa dreads the fire.
Poor gifts was rich when meant as such.
A toy and its internal mechanism are
soon parted.

Never put a Christmas gift cigar in a
horse's mouth.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
and simple faith than Mormon blood.
And now the bard takes out of stock the
ancient Christmas necktie joke.

A High-minded Patriot.
From a Speech by Senator Bailey.
"I have been offered \$50,000 a year to
quit the Senate, but if the people will
let me practice law when Congress is not
in session, I would rather work for them
for a salary of \$5,000 a year, because I
could rather earn an honorable name in
the service of my country than to have
all the gold in the world." (Terrific ap-
plause.)

Brownsville Affair in Ecuador.
From the Providence Journal.
Because their pay was overdue, the sol-
diers at a garrison near a town in the
republic of Ecuador broke loose and shot
up the town, killing twenty-five citizens
and pillaging stores and houses. The
authorities had better not do anything
about it, however, without first con-
sulting Senator Foraker.

And There Are Other Liars.
From the Brooklyn Union.
The ex-President of the United States
claims to be a "fisherman liar," and
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the hopeful election claim liar.

Squaring the Circle.
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Sometimes it takes a round robin to
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PEOPLE OF NOTE.

To Dig the Canal.

While little is being said about it
for publication, it is a fact nevertheless,
that some of President Roosevelt's
real friends and well-wishers—not poli-
ticians, or others who wish to profit
by the use of his great name and
fame—are discussing in all serious-
ness the advisability of his becoming
responsible for the completion of
the Panama Canal after March 4, 1906.
They would have Congress create a po-
sition which would put Mr. Roosevelt
in supreme authority on the isthmus after
he leaves the Presidency—an office that
would combine at once responsibility for
the results of construction and govern-
ment on the isthmus. It is known, fur-
thermore, that they have broached this
subject to the President, and that while
he has not encouraged them to agitate
the matter, at the same time he has not
told them he would not serve the coun-
try in the manner they suggest. It is
settled, of course, that Mr. Roosevelt's
sole political ambition, after the ex-
piration of his present term, is to serve
New York in the Senate, the Panama
Canal is an enterprise of such stupendous
proportions and importance that it ap-
peals strongly to his imagination and
his superabundant energy. In various
speeches, to say nothing of his recent
special message, he has staked his rep-
utation as a statesman upon the propo-
sition that no mistake was made when
the Panama route was selected over all
others, and it is argued that in view of
the undoubted confidence the nation has
in his judgment and patriotic purpose he
could perform a service of no higher
value to the country than to assume full
responsibility for results on the isthmus
after he is no longer President. His
word, it is conceded, would settle all
doubt in the public mind as to the nec-
essity of further appropriations, etc., after
the money now provided for has been
exhausted, and the great ditch is still
uncompleted, and Congress would im-
mediately respect Mr. Roosevelt's wish
he might make for further funds with which
to prosecute the huge enterprise to suc-
cessful issue.

New Mexican Ambassador.

Enrique Creel, who soon will assume
the office of Ambassador from Mexico to
Washington, is one of the most forceful
factors in Mexican affairs to-day. His
father was Reuben Creel, an American,
who died when Enrique was a mere boy.
The birthplace of the new Ambassador
is the City of Chihuahua, where he was
born about fifty years ago, his father
having been a small merchant there.
While conducting the small business left
by his father in order to support his
mother and a large family of dependent
brothers and sisters, he supplemented his
income by teaching night school, and was
often at work as many as twenty hours
a day. He overcame every obstacle and
married the daughter of the governor of
the State of Chihuahua, the wealthiest
chief of that part of Mexico. Senor
Creel's business ability commended itself
to his father-in-law, and his rise was
rapid. He is now one of the wealthiest
men in the republic of Mexico. He is
director of the Banco Central, and
director of the Chihuahua and Pacific
and of various other large corporations
in his country. As governor of Chihuahua,
Senor Creel has proved a philanthropist.
His special hobby is aversion to the liquor
traffic.

Roberts Now a Missionary.

R. H. Roberts, who was denied his seat
in the House six or seven years ago
because he was a Mormon who confessed
to having more than one wife living in
Utah, is now serving his country as a
missionary down South. Just at present
his field of operations is in Florida, and
he is accompanied by several high diplo-
mats of the Church of Latter-day
Saints. Mr. Roberts, it will be re-
membered, was not allowed to hold his
seat in the House, although he presented
his credentials attested in due form by
the governor of Utah. The fight against
him was led by Mr. Taylor, of Ohio, who
then President McKinley's immediate
successor, and who is now a Federal
Judge in the Buckeye State by appoint-
ment of President Roosevelt. Mr. Taylor
held his appointment to the bench in
abeyance several weeks while he assisted
the prosecution of the case of Senator
Reed Smoot's right to the seat in the
Senate to which he was elected by the
legislature of Utah. Mr. Roberts is telling
newspaper interviewers down South that
the great majority of the members of the
Mormon Church in Utah are Democrats
and did not vote to send Mr. Smoot to
the Senate. Mr. Roberts was elected to
the House as a Democrat. He declares
that the fight on Senator Smoot is purely
political. According to Mr. Roberts, Utah
will again be a Democratic State before
long.

As to Mr. La Follette.

Those excitable persons who expected
to see the cold shoulder and the stony
stare given to Senator La Follette by
his colleagues in the Senate on his re-
turn to Washington have been sadly dis-
appointed. The disputatious Wisconsin
statesman had some very hard things to
say about numerous members of the Sen-
ate in his Chautauque lectures last sum-
mer and autumn, and at the time his se-
vere criticisms of the Senate were
thought to be the precursor of a chilly
reception in Washington when he should
return here at the opening of Congress.
But, apparently, his colleagues have over-
looked and forgiven him for his criticisms.
At any rate, his association with them
seems to be as cordial as it ever was. It
cannot be claimed that he has yet at-
tained popularity in the Senate. If he has
achieved among the merely Conscript Fa-
thers, that fact is not known. Mr. La
Follette does not belong to that class